APRIL

APRIL 8 1953

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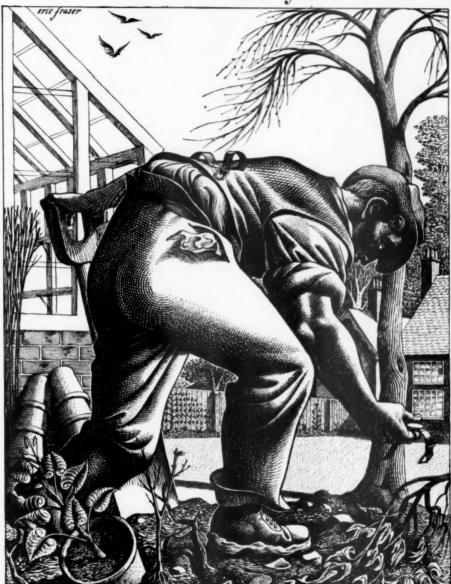
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Four years buried*



"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"

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For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, and the name and address of your nearest Rolex dealer, write to the Rolex Watch Company Limited, I Green St., Mayfair, London, W.1 To protect the delicate movement, Holex craftsmen and technicians laboured for years to produce the Oyster case, Employing the safest method of waterproofing—the self-sealing action of one metal on another—the Rolex Oyster was the first, and is still the foremost, waterproof watch in the world.

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EVEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only toowell; it was May 13th when he had to erash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and — a more personal tragedy—his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few wry enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up—yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff—and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies—dirt and damp, dust and perspiration—and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want—and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Urnston, Lancashire) to the Rolex Watch Company, A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, I Green Street, London, W.1.





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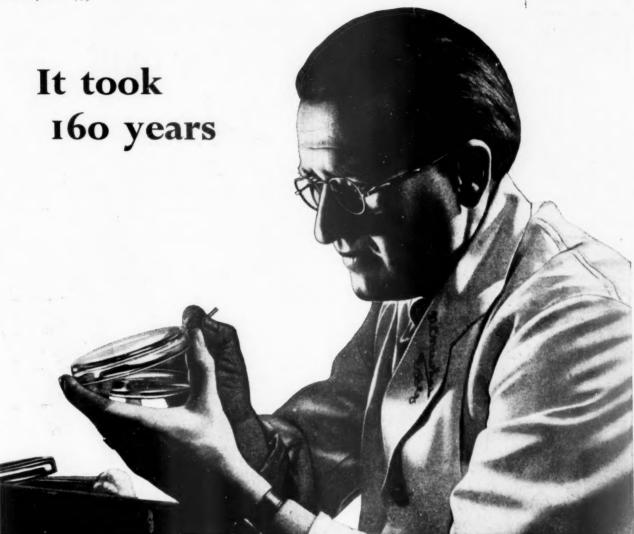
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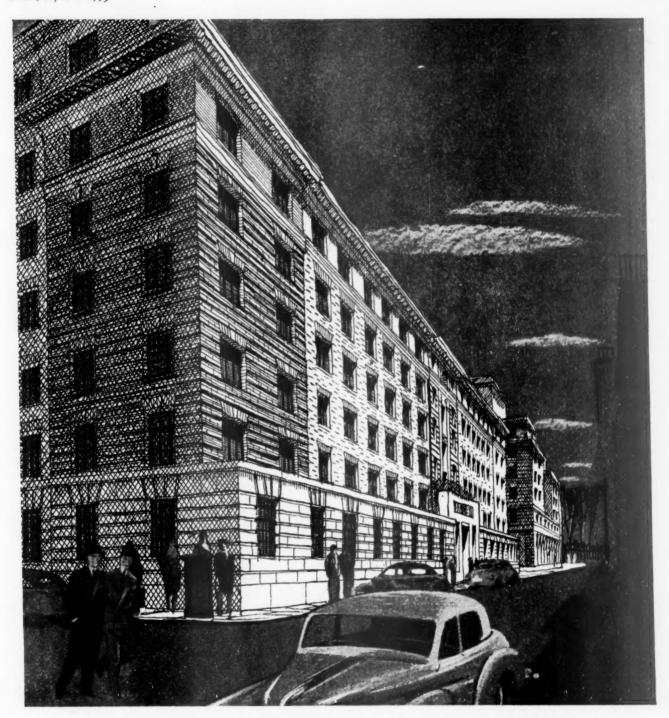
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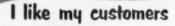


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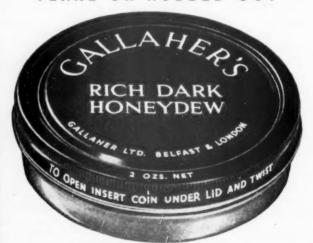
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A GALLAHER TOBACCO



CHAGAS DISEASE

IN large areas of South America, up to half of the population suffer from the effects of Chagas disease — an illness that causes acute debility, fever, and often idiocy, paralysis and death. There is no known cure for Chagas disease, and, until recently, there was no effective method of preventing its spread, for the large, bloodsucking bugs that carry it are immune to most insecticides. In 1948 I.C.I. undertook experimental work in

the control of the Chagas disease carrier when a technical service man from I.C.I. General Chemicals Division visited South America in connection with the use of "Gammexane" insecticides. Laboratory tests carried out in Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay gave such promising results that a full scale field-trial was arranged. This took place at an up-country village in Uruguay where the interior of every infested building was sprayed with a "Gammexane" preparation. The trial was an outstanding success. A single application of this powerful insecticide wiped out the entire bug population of

the village. As a result of this technical service work by I.C.I., campaigns to eliminate Chagas disease are now being undertaken in a number of South American republics.





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CHARIVARIA

CROWDS attending sporting events in Czechoslovakia, reports a news agency, are required to bring twenty pounds of waste paper with them, and

can it land an avari cour is vari

cannot gain admission until it has been collected by an attendant. The system varies slightly in this country, where the offering is voluntary and not collected until later.

8

When Mr. Bernard Lynch, a parachutist, reached the ground the

other day after being fired in an ejector seat from a Meteor III flying six miles up at five hundred miles an hour, and making an oxygen-assisted descent of nineteen thousand feet, at a speed not disclosed, before his main parachute canopy was opened by pre-set barostat mechanism to bring him down the last mile or two, he sprained an ankle. That'll teach him.

E E

The imminence of Budget day, 1953, will come as a shock to those taxpayers who, having given up smoking on Budget day, 1952, now realize that they have less than a week before they are due to give it up again.

6 6

Defending a young girl brought before the Juvenile Court by her parents, a Croydon solicitor gave his

opinion that such a step would not have been taken "if the father had known how the wheels of the law grind exceeding deep." This was accepted by the Bench as some sort of attempt at a quotation from something or other, possibly Longfellow or somebody.

8 8

The warning by the London County Council that auxiliary strutting or shoring may be necessary to support

p

crowded balconies and parapets overlooking the Coronation route has come as a timely hint to lessors. Without it they might not have thought to collect the day's fees in advance.

Wit from All Over

"Mr. Justice Upjohn . . . prefaced his speech by saying that the Chairman had warned him not to overrun his time. Slowly he unstrapped a wristwatch and laid it on the table. 'It's all right with me,' he said. 'I always wear two watches.' Then he added: 'But don't assume I wear a belt as well as braces.'"

Sunday Express

"TV's Leslie Mitchell, as question-master, radiated an aura of masculine knowledgeability even more mellowing than the best modern slow combustion stove. When a member lamented that 'plumbers are capable of telling a woman anything to suit their purpose,' 'True, I fear, of all men!' he sadly assured her."

Good Housekeeping

8 8

Think might one as easy as isn't this that them of some from reminders in result soon may children modern by reading backward on comment newspaper continuing.

9 5

The Ministry of Transport's ambitious new plan to solve London's problems of traffic congestion includes provision for introducing parking meters on the American plan. The operation of these is said to be extremely simple, though there may be certain unlooked-for complications just at first.





SURVEYING the contemporary situation one is constantly reminded of Cervantes's masterpiece, Don Quixote De La Mancha—incidentally, now available in a new and accomplished translation by Samuel Putnam (Cassell, 63/-). This is doubtless because the age which produced Don Quixote bore certain resemblances to our own. It, too, was transitional, and therefore bewildering.

The players prepared their parts, but all unknown to them the play itself had been changed, with the result that their entrances were inept, their costumes and make-up unsuitable, and their lines irrelevant. In such circumstances there is a great temptation to follow Don Quixote's example, and insist that the lack of relation between what happens and what is supposed to happen is due to some spell or enchantment laid by a malignant magician.

Quixotry, indeed, abounds, and the very faces of those who engage in it-lean and dry in their selfrighteousness-often irresistibly recall the features of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, who nowadays is liable to get into the House of Commons, if not into the Government. It would be a diverting occupation to construct a Don Quixote of our days. Where Cervantes's hero was led into amiable but disastrous lunacy by a belated obsession with the literature of chivalry, our hero's commonest obsession is the concept of progress, and the prophets, from Rousseau to H. G. Wells, who have expounded it. The barber and the curate of La Mancha, it will be recalled, felt bound to wall up Don Quixote's library, and consigned to the flames many of the volumes which had so unsettled the poor knight's wits.

QUIXOTRIES OF OUR DAYS

There would be an equally strong case for finding a sensible contemporary barber and curate (if any such there be) to undertake a like task to-day. It may be doubted, however, whether they would succeed any better than the La Mancha pair did. Even without his books, Don Quixote set forth once again, anxious as before not to lose any time, "for he could not but blame himself for what the world was losing by his delay, so many were the wrongs that were to be righted, the grievances to be redressed, the abuses to be done away with, and the duties to be performed."

To a contemporary Don Quixote similarly bent, it is as uscless to point out that, far from progressing, most of mankind have fallen into a more wretched condition than at any time since the Dark Ages, as it was to point out to the original Don Quixote that what he took for menacing giants were in fact harmless windmills, and that what he took to be Mambrino's helmet was only a barber's brass basin.

If, to a seeing eye, it is clearly apparent that large areas of the world have reverted to sheer barbarism, or are fast falling into chaos, Don Quixote still can argue that just as what seemed to Sancho Panza's bewitched gaze a flock of sheep was in fact a mighty army, so a seeming Gadarene rush to ruin is in fact the fulfilment of all that has been promised in the name of progress. The windmills of faltering, waning power creak round, and he charges at them; in pale twilight he sees a wondrous new dawn.

In this connection, one of Don Quixote's adventures deserves particular mention. He was shocked to observe a party of manacled prisoners on their way to the galleys, and, in his capacity as knight-errant vowed to "favour the needy and aid those who are oppressed by the powerful," he felt bound to set them free. When this was done, and their guards had been driven away, the prisoners turned on Don Quixote and Sancho and pelted them with

stones. They then made off, leaving Sancho and Don Quixote, Rosinante and the ass, alone:

"... the ass, crestfallen and pensive, wagging its ears now and then, being under the impression that the hurricane of stones that had raged about them was not yet over; Rosinante stretched alongside his master, for the hack also had been felled by a stone; Sancho naked and fearful of the Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote, making wry faces at seeing himself so mishandled by those to whom he had done so much good."

This is the lesson which all Don Quixotes of all ages cannot learn. They can never get it into their heads that when the mighty have been pulled down from their seats and the humble and meek exalted, the humble and meek then necessarily become mighty in their turn and behave as such. Quixotry, therefore, tends to be harmful to all concerned, as may be seen to-day, notably in Africa, which is sorely beset by two versions of it.

On the one hand, there are those who manage to persuade themselves that salvation lies in the introduction and extension of parliamentary government as now practised in Nigeria and the Gold Coast. On the other, there are those who, like Dr. Malan, envisage the everlasting dominion of a few Europeans ever vast hordes of Africans, Coloured and Asians. Each of these Quixotries, as is ever the way, stimulates and exacerbates the other.

Dr. Malan, riding his old Voortrekker nag across the veldt, and bearing the word "Apartheid" on his standard, runs into another knight, not less foolishly accoutred, with "Racial Equality" on his. As their two antique lances cross, and they glare at one another from behind their cardboard visors, one can only mutter with Sancho: "What I make out of it all is that these adventures that we go looking for will end by bringing us so many misadventures that we shan't know which is our right foot."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



South Africa goes to the polls next Wednesday.

"But, alas, good people,



FROM THE CHINESE

. The Treasurer

DO not envy," Said the scribe Ching Fo, "The Public Treasurer, Li Tin Wang. At the season of bird-song, And bees and blossom, When tender fancies Visit the mind And ill-constructed maidens Acquire new beauty, Li Tin Wang Frowns in the counting-house, Fingering the gold, Measuring the debts, Devising new taxes For the suffering people, And fashioning at night An interminable oration. You have heard,' Said the scribe Ching Fo, "Of the Smiling Dragon Of Wei Pan Pei, Which, before breathing fire, Gives out the scent of flowers. You have heard Of the man-devouring Men of the Mountains,

Who, planning the feast,

And heating the cauldron, Generously exert themselves To put the captive At his ease With complimentary speeches, With singing and music, And the uplifting spectacle Of dancing damsels. Such will be the utterance Of Li Tin Wang. 'It is in my heart,' The Treasurer will say, 'To scatter blessings On the faithful people. They have laboured nobly, Especially the humble, Even the high and wealthy Have not done badly. It is in my heart To say to you all "Cease from toil! Rest and be merry. Half of the cruel taxes I abolish to-day. Go forth, good people, To the Happy Hills, And under the shade-trees Blissfully recline." (At this place, Said the scribe Ching Fo, "There will be tears As large as beetles, As wet as bubbles. In the eyes of Li Tin Wang.)

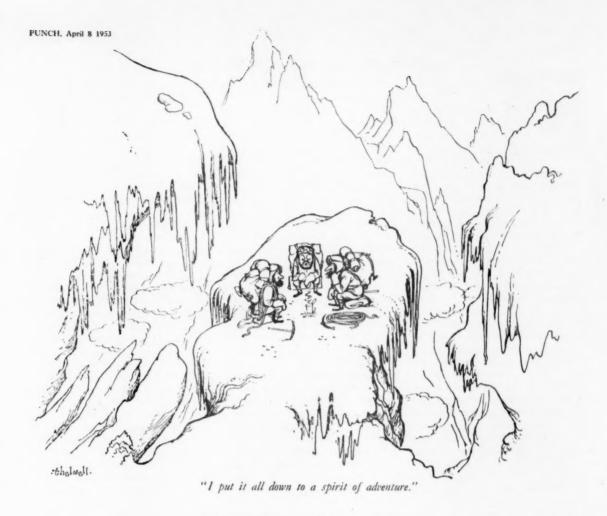
I cannot say it. It would not be safe, It would not be reasonable. In the Valley of Wickedness The bandits gather: There must be taxes To hire the soldiers. There must be taxes To pay the cultivators For growing rice To give to the hungry. There must be taxes To pay the scribes Who count the cultivators And collect the rice. Besides, the Rulers Have purchased the ox-wagons: There must be taxes To furnish oxen To carry the persons Who feed the oxen. So, well-beloved people, Blinded with weeping, I must increase the taxes, For this is reasonable. But be comforted! In a hundred years, If you toil more diligently, You may find the Happy Hills." Li Tin Wang,' Said the scribe Ching Fo, "Is honourably right-Or rather, he is reasonable. But if I were the Treasurer I would say to the people 'In this bright heart There are bird-song and blossom: It is not reasonable, But I bring down the taxes. And you, good people, Like patient oxen, Surprised and soothed By a kindly word And the sudden absence Of savage blows, Will toil so strongly That all will be well, And in three swift years We shall see the Happy Hills.' Who can tell?" Said the scribe Ching Fo. "It is not reasonable,

It is not safe, But there may

Be something in it."

A. P. H.





DAMNATION IN THE DAMP

IN these caves, said the hand-out, the Hell-Fire Club held their most secret and profane orgies.

We leant against the iron scaffolding, holding our candles and gazing at the pile of chalk rubble that filled the floor-space of the Banqueting Hall. "You've been up against the wall," the man behind me said; "chalk all over your mac." I said "Never mind, it'll wash off."

The air was damp and smelt of incense and candle-smoke. It might have been Oxford in the 'twenties. "Actually," said the Heir, "the Styx has dried up." We nodded, and the candles flickered together. There didn't seem any reason why it should have dried up. Water dripped continually from the roof, and the chalk mush under our feet was soaking.

"That picture on the wall," he said, "is a very horrible one." We all crowded to look, bulging between the steel pipes like heifers in a cattle-market. "We haven't had it cleaned," he said. The picture presented a blank face of mottled chalk. "Your back!" said one of the evening papers. "It's the chalk," I said. "I think I must have been standing up against the wall."

He said "We can't allow the general public into the Inner Temple." We nodded again. We were going in, the invitation said so. "Actually," he said, "it's not really safe. We've had a lot of chalk down. You can try if you like." We shuffled in the pen, looking up in the candle-light at the damp vaults of rough-hewn, crumbling chalk. No one made a move. "You've been up

against the wall," said a daily. "Yes," I said, "my back. It will wash off."

We filtered out into the daylight, dowsed our candles and were photographed, rather self-consciously, against the Gothique flint portico. The niches had been filled with busts since the picture on the handout was done. One was contorted with pain. There was no name, but if he was a Brother of St. Francis. it was probably rheumatism. The others looked simply bored, in the placid, wide-eyed way busts do. None of them looked very orginstic. There was a stand with a striped awning selling minerals and satanic souvenirs.

"Fancy having orgies in that place," said a Sunday. "Tough. All that chalk." P. M. HUBBARD

LAST STEPS AT ST. WILLOUGHBY'S



INCE I became Head of the History Department, I think one of the swiftest promotions the record of the

school, I have been finding it increasingly irksome to have to work with the present Deputy Head. Pershore may be the senior man on the staff, but at many schools the second-in-command is appointed by the Head. Rule-ofthumb seniority is quite absurd. The Head is no scholar and I think distrusts Pershore's skill in landing University scholarships.

As Head of a Department I sit at the first staff table for meals. Boring, usually, but useful when the Governors visit us. Sir John Grode is Governor of six schools. He finds Pershore supercilious-not a word he was able to find on his own.

Great relief to be able to delegate the routine work of the Scouts to poor Applebody and the new men. I can concentrate on finding my way about the committee structure of the Scouts' organization and trying to get a troop on the air. Best offer so far is to broadcast Camp Fire Songs to Finland at 7.30 a.m., but it is at least a toe inside Founding a Schools' the door. Historical Models Competition is taking up a frightful lot of time. I give envelope-addressing instead of impositions now and set more pages of the text-book per test, which reduces correcting.

I shall have to take on a dormitory, although the increase in work is awful: governing bodies will not appoint Heads to boarding schools who lack dormitory experience. Also I am not really in close enough touch with the athletes, who often have the ear of influential Old Boys. The leading dormitory at the moment is Buller, but most of their stars will leave soon. Then it will probably lie between Roberts and Kitchener. As far as I can forecast it, Kitchener will just manage to pull off the Greyne Shield. The only real danger is that Fortescue B. J. in Roberts will win the middle

school boxing as well as the fencing. The present master in charge of Kitchener is Cobbling. He is proud of his voice.

Sir John Grode was very interested when I took him round the collection of models. I have persuaded him to become a patron of the Competition. He is offering a special prize for the best entry from this school; just as well, as it would never do for one of my own boys to win outright. Much better to make St. Willoughby's something like third equal.

All boys cheat, so it was easy to eatch Fortescue out in a History test. Sent him to the Head "as an

One of Pershore's duties is to work out the time-table. This needs a curious combination of chess mind and intuition. One must make everything fit and at the same time avoid such personal difficulties as giving an irascible man more periods than someone like poor Applebody. Have hired a man who is supporting himself by composing crossword puzzles while acquiring a practice as a statistician. He has provided me with a new time-table to keep up my sleeve and some ingenious criticisms of Pershore's. I fired these off at Break. Several of the senior men, who wish to succeed Pershore, adopted my criticisms as their own.

Whenever I pop up to the B.B.C. about getting the Scouts some more time on the air I mention the existence of a remarkable amateur tenor on our staff. Have finally bullied somebody of indeterminate status and weak personality to write to Cobbling asking whether he would be interested in an audition. When in his simple way

he consulted me I advised him strongly of the danger of switching professions without acquiring new professional qualifications. He has almost decided to throw up his job.

Pershore came under heavy fire at the staff meeting. Irritably he said that doing the time-table was a fiendish job and that if anybody happened to be able to toss off a better one he was welcome to. I shut myself away for two hours and then rushed to the Head with not only a new time-table but elaborate notes showing how much better it was than Pershore's. The Head is a vague man and did not care to reveal his incapacity for mastering the detail concerned. As Master in Charge of Time-table I shall exercise a very real influence on school affairs. The powers left to the Deputy-Head are of lesser importance, though there would be advantages in holding the office when applying for another post.

All going well. The Models Competition has got my name well known in the educational world. As dormitory master of Kitchener I see nothing serious in the way of the Greyne Shield-nothing that cannot be removed by placing leading athletes from other dormitories in detention at critical times, and similar devices. Sir John Grode has criticized Pershore adversely to the Head, who was already both jealous of his teaching and anxious to appear knowledgeable about the defects of his time-table. I have been appointed Deputy-Head. This has caused a good deal of bad feeling but, as one of the senior men said, "Haywood is not likely to be here to worry us long.'

R. G. G. PRICE







ALGERIA

HE Foreign Legion is not what it was. The Legionaries now read in bed, just like any other fighting men. Major Hell (sic), the Commander of the station—one of the Alsatian Hells—showed me the snug new dormitory, the product of his taste, which had cost him a million francs to furnish.

"We call it 'Music,'" he said.
"It was once the music room, but
the men needed a bigger one, with
better acoustics."

There was a nice warm stove in "Music." Pretty coloured tiles paved the floor. Partitions of art matting divided bed from bed. At the head of each stood a helmet, with a pair of gay red-and-green epaulettes. Fibre suitcases were artfully concealed.

"C'est coquet, n'est-ce pas?" said Major Hell. "It's cute?"

I agreed.

high cultural tone.

"The sous-officiers, of course, have rooms to themselves."

"With hot and cold water?"

"Of course. And shower baths."
We went out into the quadrangle. It was the lunch-time break. Legionaries in white caps were swarming across to the common rooms. The tricolour flapped proudly at the head of the flagstaff. The atmosphere was like that of a robust public school, where the tone is good. A little bullying, perhaps. But all quite straightforward. No sneaking. No beastliness. And a

Cézanne's "Card Players" looked down on the bar, where the Legionaries stood each other light apéritifs to the hum of a giant refrigerator. The works of other Impressionists decorated the walls, in reproductions which would not have disgraced the British Council. Vitrines showed examples of pottery

Culture for the Legion

and sculpture, the handiwork of Legionaries.

"It is a pity," said Major Hell, "that it is chilly to-day. As a rule we have the awnings and the parasols out, and they sit in the sun, on the terrace. Comme à la plage. Like the beach. You are ready for luncheon?"

We strolled over to the kitchens, where a Legionary's lunch was laid before me: hors d'œuvres (with two kinds of sausage), a rich dark stew, two vegetables, salad, macaroni with cheese, two fruits, a quarter flask of red wine, coffee. Dinner would be similar. The weekly menus were chalked on a board, with the price of everything: pâté or cheese for breakfast, meat twice a day, no meal without wine, all at a cost to the French taxpayer of four shillings per Legionary per day.

Major Hell, as we ate, recalled a period of service with the British Army during the war, and the strange British habit of eating jam with macaroni. "But usually," he said, "I was able to exchange my porridge for a tin of pilchards."

We toured the buildings. The Legionaries were digesting their

luncheon, sunk in leather armchairs, reading newspapers in French, German, Spanish, Italian, even American; or the school mag, "Képi Blanc," with its war reports from Indo-China and its articles on Sartre and its advertisements of wrist-watches, cameras, radios to tempt Legionaries earning from £9 to £80 per month. Some played ping-pong, or manipulated pintables. Others penned long letters home, in an acute German script. Others relaxed on pillows in the sick room, in a cosy environment of apple-green furniture and art linoleum.

Others selected books from the library: a choice of Michelet or Simenon, Goethe or Rilke, E. F. Benson or William de Morgan, or a line in popular titles like Képis Blancs et Femmes du Sud. On a board was inscribed a quotation from an eminent French painter: "Those who go in for the arts as a career have two alternatives: the Legion or suicide. I advise the Legion."

Looking round at his wellbehaved pupils, I said casually to Major Hell: "All the same, you



"He says he's lost."

must get some fairly tough ones: criminal types?"

Major Hell was horrified. "Indeed no," he protested. "We are most particular as to the respectable characters of our recruits. Minor misdemeanours may sometimes be overlooked. But a man with any sort of criminal record is turned down at once—or turned out if he manages to get in undetected. You will appreciate that we must keep up the reputation of the Legion."

No Narkover this. No longer is the Legion the terror at nights of the civilian population of Sidi-bel-Abbès, a city of bars where now in the evenings German Legionaries hobnob decorously, tête-à-tête, over plates of sauerkraut, and French ones, with more animation, discuss the bicycling news over steaming cups of meat-extract drinks nine o'clock the city is dead, for they have all gone back to camp, if not to read in bed, then to attend the free Legion cinema, which is showing a film called Toto Cherche un Appartement, together with some interesting documentaries

But for all these amenities the parade ground remains the terror of the Legionaries. The discipline is ferocious. And the punishments? I did not like to embarrass Major Hell by assuming them to be necessary. I asked a corporal, an "old

sweat" of the parade ground who had come from a satellite country.

"Things," he said, "are not what they were. We corporals used to make the beggars march all day with sacks of boulders on their backs. Now that's been stopped, and one has to think up new ideas."

"What sort of ideas?"

"Well, there's always the nail trick. One makes a beggar stand at attention for an hour or two with his face to a wall, and there's a nail sticking out of it, just in front of his nose. Then there's a sort of bastinado."

"What sort of bastinado?"

"When one inspects the dormitories one makes the beggars stick their feet out at the foot of their beds. If they're dirty they get a good whacking on the soles with a ruler."

Englishmen and Americans, as a general rule, stand the comforts of the Legion better than its discipline—though there was an American who stood it so well that his ashes are now let into the wall of the barracks, with an honourable inscription. There was the son of an English nobleman who enlisted for five years and stuck it for five months. There is an Englishman in it now, but his mother wants him home.

The toughest Legionaries-and

the most numerous-are the Germans. After the war, when they first enlisted, they sewed Hitler's picture inside their képis; but it isn't there any longer. Spaniards, blooded in the Spanish civil war, run them a good second, Hungarians a good third. The Legion's roll of honour in Indo-China contains names like Wiedemann, Gonzales, Magyary, Wasilewski, Balzano, Christansen, Meyer, Bonnet, Angst. Refugees all, from one thing or another-love, family, unemployment, boredom, debt, Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, Stalin; mercenaries all: tough Europeans with nothing to lose and everything to fight against.

Their history as a fighting force is enshrined in the Legion museum in Sidi-bel-Abbès, in banners, guns, uniforms, busts and portraits, the scarlet parasol and purple saddle of a dandy general in World War I, the artificial hand of a Crimean hero, which has become the Legion's most cherished fetish. In the eighteenth century these fighting Europeans were the foreign regiments in the service of the French Kings, including two Scots and five Irish regiments. Later they were Napoleon's mercenaries, including the Swiss Guard, the Dutch Guard, the Polish Guard, and so forth.

In the nineteenth century Louis Philippe turned them into what they are to-day. They have fought in all the best wars ever since, and are now doing the toughest of the fighting in Indo-China. There are only 40,000 of them, largely German troops, under French command. Each European country could enlist another 40,000; mercenaries to fight the small fierce wars of this age.

Why, in short, all this fuss about a European Army? The Foreign Legion is it. K.

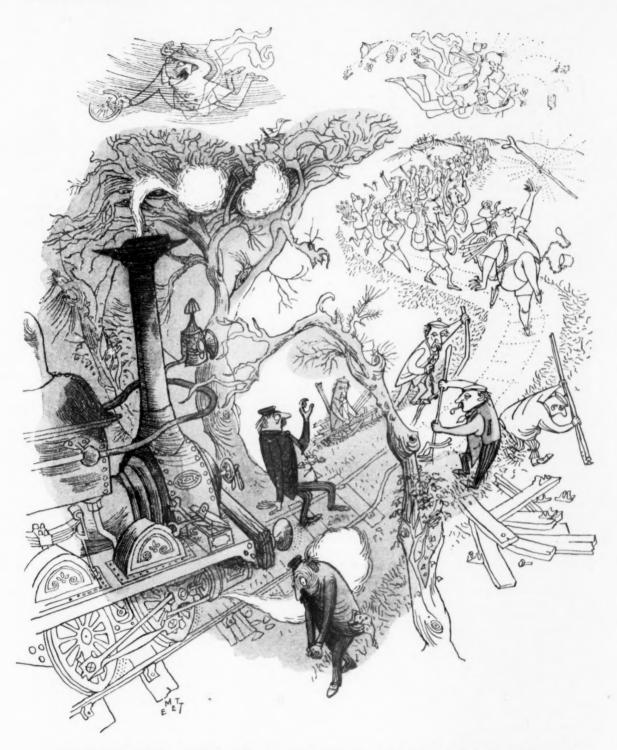
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"Rochdale bus fares over 2d. will go up by 1½d. and 1d. on November 9. Last night, Mr. George Lanc. ex-Commando lusband of the Hon. Mrs. Lane, took out his dog Dandy, and patrolled the lanes around Ashton.

He thinks the crime is the work of a maniac."—Glasgow Evening News
What would he feel about London
Transport, then?



"You needn't smell it, Mr. Barker-it's quite fresh."



It has been proposed that when the branch railway line between Alnwick and Ilderton, Northumberland is closed, it should be established as a foot and bridle path.

THE NEW TOWNS

EVERYONE knows what Cobbett thought about the sprawl of London. But if he could have exchanged his horse for a helicopter, and his century for ours, the whole sky would be ringing with his fulminations. You have to fly over modern London to understand what a hideous, engulfing mess it has become; just as, fully to taste its horrors, you must join in the cattle-herded mass stampede to the outer suburbs which completes its day.

London has always had slums, but at least until the end of the Regency there was hope it would keep its head and go on developing in style. Then the chaotic effects of the Industrial Revolution took hold. As England grew rich, London became doomed as a city with definable limits or character. It grew like a fungus, while more industries and more people went on crowding in. As pressure mounted, two things began to happen. The poorer people were jammed into tenement blocks that rose higher and higher, while the wealthier, helped in time by cars and electric trains, streamed out to new straggling suburbs eating up the land round London.

Governments seem to have been only dimly aware of what was going on under their noses. Parliament remained splendidly apathetic. After the First War a vague idea that heroism must be rewarded slightly stirred the Front Benches; what, in fact, the heroes got was a deadly series of working-class estates dumped piecemeal round London, and a rash of abortive villas stretching ribbonwise along the main roads, providing the minimum of housing with the maximum ruination of the country. The Kingston by-pass is a monument to the official futility of the 1920's. In the new estates, where almost nothing had been done to provide the ordinary amenities of life, people were soon going mad with boredom. Lured from the intimacy of the slums, they looked in vain for pubs, churches, cinemas, fried fish, for anything which could



take their minds off the mathematical rows of prim little houses. The planners had been too busy to remember that the pawns in the grand new game of decanting London happened to be human beings.

As the victims moved out, more moved in, and so London remained on the danger list. In 1934 the Marley Report recommended new satellite industrial towns, without effect. But when the Barlow Commission came to roughly the same conclusion in 1941, adding strategic arguments, bombs were falling and the Coalition Government listened. In the first Town and Country Planning Act it accepted the principle of dispersal. The brilliant Abererombie Plan for Greater London followed, and included the submission that 300,000 people should move out to new industrial towns in the near country; and in 1945 the Reith Committee sat to decide the pattern of the New Towns, which had now earned national capitals.

Its Report, published in 1946, is one of the most human documents ever to escape from the Stationery Office. This Committee would have been moving almost in the field of pure conjecture but for two thriving pioneers, Letchworth and Welwyn Garden Cities, whose experience answered many of its questions. Letchworth had been founded in 1903 by Ebenezer Howard, a great man though a sentimentalist, who was to turn town-planning upsidedown all over the world with a small book in which he urged the diversion of bursting city populations into new self-sufficient towns of limited size, set in the country and in touch with it, having their own industries and their own active life-planned as a whole for health and efficiency, but encouraged to develop themselves. Mocked by the Fabians-who saw urban problems in terms of Bloomsbury drainage-and without official support, Howard made Letchworth work. Welwyn followed in 1920. Both towns had serious teething troubles. For the sake of its balance



sheet Welwyn had to start by building middle-class homes, with the result that for a time it became the last thing it wished to be, a dormitory. The popular idea that the towns were nests of cranks was aggravated not only by Letchworth's bizarre decision to remain dry, but by the embarrassing tendency of residents to blossom into sandals and pursue the arts with more enthusiasm than was considered decent in modern England. In practice, many of Howard's principles were watered down, but at length a balanced local industry was achieved, and employers who had risked the move had to admit that Garden Cities were a practical proposition and not merely a pretty fancy. Certain facts were inescapable. Living in good houses, with plenty of space, workers were healthier. They worked harder, for their leisure was doubled and they arrived fresh at the factory. There were also fewer absentees, and the sense of community fostered by living in a small town led to an improvement

in the relations between employers and employed.

And so, when the Reith Committee came together, it spoke with respect of these important guineapigs. The Committee's Report was optimistic, even for the time; it dealt imaginatively with the social as much as the physical shape of the New Towns. It decided they should take from 30,000 to 80,000 people (except in special circumstances). should be built on relatively undeveloped sites, and should be about 25 miles out in the case of Greater London, about fifteen in that of other large cities in need of cupping. Great emphasis was laid on æsthetics; house-styles should be varied, uniformity was to be avoided, open spaces were to be part of the plan and not just bits and pieces left over. Public buildings, in particular the railway station, were to be a credit. The Report faced the obvious difficulties of class divisions, but felt that much could be done towards balanced communities by careful grading of houses and by the pro-

vision of amenities which would attract the professions and the arts as well as the leaders of local industry. In addition to schools, churches, good shops, community-centres, playing-fields and cinemas, it urged the importance of a theatre, a local paper, and, as a try-out, a short-wave broadcasting station to act as a forum.

Where the Report became unusually enlightened, not to say gay, was on hotels and inns. One gets the feeling the Committee had suffered the ordeal by old horse and stewed cabbage once too often. In the New Towns it appeared to see a blessed opportunity to revive our traditional hospitality, in hotels which would really take trouble and inns where good food was an ungrudging part of the service. It recommended that all licencees should be obliged to provide food, that inns should be attractive to families, and that eating and drinking in the open air should be encouraged.

The Report's chief innovation was the suggested division of the New Towns into "neighbourhoods" of about ten thousand, each based on a Primary School. On many points, such as the proportion of flats likely to be needed, it admitted it was guessing. On one vital question, however, it had no reservations: that unless social amenities kept pace with houses the towns would be nothing more than the old estates, and that unless industry were successfully phased with the incoming population all we should have would be New Dormitories.

After the necessary legislation had been passed setting up a Development Corporation for each of the New Towns, the first Corporations got down to plans in 1947. There are fourteen towns. Hemel Hempstead, Hatfield, Welwyn, Stevenage, Harlow, Basildon, Crawley and Bracknell, all round London; Corby, in Lincolnshire; Newton Aycliffe and Peterlee, both in Durham; Glenrothes in Fifeshire and East Kilbride in Lanarkshire; and Cwmbran in South Wales.

Difficulties unforeseen in the rosy afterglow of the armistice have seriously affected progress.

ERIC KEOWN











N my capacity as Civics Adviser to the Borough I am often consulted on matters of taste. What is good taste? Our Deputy Lady Librarian and I, the only two lady delegates, were discussing it at the Bookbinding Conference at Bournemouth last year. I was holding a watching brief on behalf of the borough. She was there ex officio. But the men do better out of these conferences than the womenfolk.

Good taste, I maintain, goes into every department of life. If I might define it in so many words, I would say it means keeping quiet. In politics, for instance, I always vote Left, but talk Right. When in Left circles I give the impression that I grasp the opposite side of the argument and this gives me a standing which, together with my official status, counts for something fraternally.

You can have good taste in education. In fact, that is where good taste starts, once you have got a kiddy. And one kiddy is quite enough if you run a motor car. Do not attempt to influence the child when it is young or it may grow up with biased opinions which will stand in the way of its promotion and pension in later life. Give it anything it wants and let it keep what it likes of what it has chosen and let it break the rest.

All kiddies have natural good taste. We have, thank goodness, advanced from the dark ages when people believed in Original Sin and Evil and that sort of nonsense. We know that human nature is perfect and perfect is another word for normal. You don't want your kiddy to be abnormal, do you? You don't want it maladjusted to the normal, i.e. perfect, conditions of to-day? Well then, have the good taste, when it is big enough, to send it miles away in a bus to a centralized school where it can specialize in civics early. By doing this, you will also break up any tendency it may have towards local pride, a-most harmful and retrogressive thing.

I might add here that I am very glad to see that even so obsolescent an institution as our railways is doing away with those silly divisions which some of us remember from pre-grouping days, which meant different coloured stations, carriages and engines in different parts of the country. Such divisions encouraged needless lovalty to and harmful pride in local companies, counties and even towns and villages. The railways have wisely abolished most of their branch lines and painted the rest of themselves cream, for cream, as I will tell you later, is the acme of good taste in terms of colour. We want everything the same if it is to be truly normal.

Good taste in education is the same as good taste in the home. An educator has to open the kiddy's mind, fill it with facts and shut it again. Leave the mind to simmer and the kiddy's natural good taste will come out with the right opinions. I do not use "right" here in any political sense.

I am aware that what I have been saying is a little deep, so let me





return to a more mundane topic, good taste in the home. First of all, all walls and paintwork in the home should be painted cream. Cream commits you to nothing and, seeing that it is in general demand, it must be good.

Have only one picture, frame it in light oak and let it be a reproduction. Ask the lady at your civic art gallery which is the best reproduction to have. She is an expert and her advice is worth having. Say you want something quiet, for good taste, remember, is keeping quiet. Do not buy original works of an artist. Pulls of colour reproductions cost very little more and you are thereby encouraging the printer, that is to say the technician, who is, to-day, of far greater value to the community than the so-called artist, who still does his work by hand.

If your domicile is in a rural area, you may cover the outside walls with grey cement and then paint all woodwork, pipes and window-frames green. The sky is generally grey and the grass is green. Your house will then blend quietly with its surroundings. There are a few cranks who say that green is unsuitable because the colour of green paint is not the same as the colour of grass or trees, especially in winter.

But no really sensible folk go into the country in winter. August is the best month for seeing the country. And if the green paint is a little different from green leaves and grass, I don't think that in these times of stress and strain, when we are all doing our utmost to tighten our belts for the common weal, we should waste valuable time

GIOVANNETT





discussing such trivial subjects as varieties in shades of a colour which is universally acknowledged to be restful and, so far as nature is concerned, normal.

A final word, please, on good taste in literature. Before a book reaches me it has been thoroughly examined by experts whose judgment I respect. First I consult the librarian. The librarian takes his opinion from the public. If a book is in general popular demand, then it must be good. The more people want something, the better it is. This principle goes through everything. In fact it is the sign of good taste.

I hope no reader will have the bad taste to consider that anything I have written above is not in the best of taste.

ELSPETH BETJEMAN, M.A. (Hons. Educ.): D.Litt. (Civies): Ph.D. (Art Hist.). &c., &c., &c.

8 8

"The Governors will be appointing a HEADMASTER to take up duty if possible at the beginning of the Summer Term, 1953, and in any event on the 1st September, 1953. Emoluments will include the provision of a residence free of rent, rates, taxes, fuel and light."

The Times Educational Supplement

Might try a summer term, just for a start.

BLUE BIRD

THE bird's grace and the power,
The blue wings in the leaves,
The feathers' trembling stars,
Ecstasy soaring achieves.

Lake and sky meeting and mating, The love-dance lifted in light Find image and transformation In the Blue Birds' human flight.

The bird in tropical forest Effortless knows the air, Man has another nature The creatures may not share;

The dancers' limbs are turning
In spheres the mind contrives,
And willed the choice that masters
The dedicated lives.

Man into bird: illusion
The fluttering fingers wake,
Pinions beating to flute-notes,
The leap of the fish from the lake

Are crown of a life-skill sharpened Knife-keen by the practice years, And, paraphrase transcending The meaning nature bears.

The human flight can utter
What art from time retrieves,
High in the dance's heaven
Deep in the music's leaves.
John Lehmann

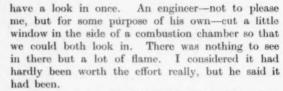
THE TRUTH ABOUT CREEP

In the not-so-distant days when I practised the awe-inspiring profession of metallurgy I was much concerned with Creep. Creep is what happens to a hot metal when you pull it. It creeps. The term is a graphic one. Some metals—lead, for instance—creep without even being hot. Lead almost runs about the place under its own weight, like pitch. If you put a piece of pitch on top of a barrel (a thing one is so often tempted, in weaker moments, to do) the pitch crawls across the barrel and flows down its sides in the course of days or weeks, depending on the time of year. Lead does not do this, but it is on the brink of doing it. It resists the temptation, like the lovable old metal it is.

I was much concerned with creep because I was much concerned, in those dear but ill-remunerated old days, with jettery. A jet engine, or gas-turbine engine, as every child knew in 1942 and quite a number of adults know now, is one which sucks air in at the front and blows it out at the back. When I first came to jettery, as a tyro-in much the same condition, that is, as that in which I left it-what puzzled me was to identify the precise point inside the engine at which it stops sucking air and starts blowing it. I asked a lot of engineers about this, but I found that they did not look at it in this way at all. To them the engine was merely a device in which air was compressed by a compressor, and subsequently expanded through a turbine. Put in this way it all sounded rather dull. However, as far as my own part in the matter was concerned-and that was largely a business of Creep -I did not need to bother about all this compression and expansion. I went on looking at the engine as a kind of push-me-pull-you; and between the push-me and the pull-you, as T. S. Eliot might have remarked,

One of my theories was that the critical point

between sucking and blowing lay somewhere in the combustion chamber. This comes in between the compressor and the turbine. They burn stuff in there, which would make it hot anyway; and on top of this the air coming in has been compressed, as I said before -if you were listeningand this heats it up a bit more. So that, taken by and large, it is confoundedly hot in the combustion chamber. It is difficult to take a good look in to see whether there is any sign of the engine's ceasing pull and beginning to push. Actually I did



The other place where I considered that the engine might cease to suck and start to blow was in the turbine. Whether the engine is sucking or blowing on the front side of the turbine blades, it is certainly blowing at the rear side, as you may ascertain by standing behind it, if you just do not care any more what happens to you. But that is as far as I ever got towards solving my problem, which remains to be investigated by some scientist of the future.

Those turbine blades were my principal worry. They used to creep. One reason for this was that they were quite unpleasantly hot, with all these newly-combusted gases expanding through them; and the other was that they were whirling round. It was centrifugal force that did the mischief. The blade tended to stretch out like a piece of chewing-gum, if you were not careful about it.

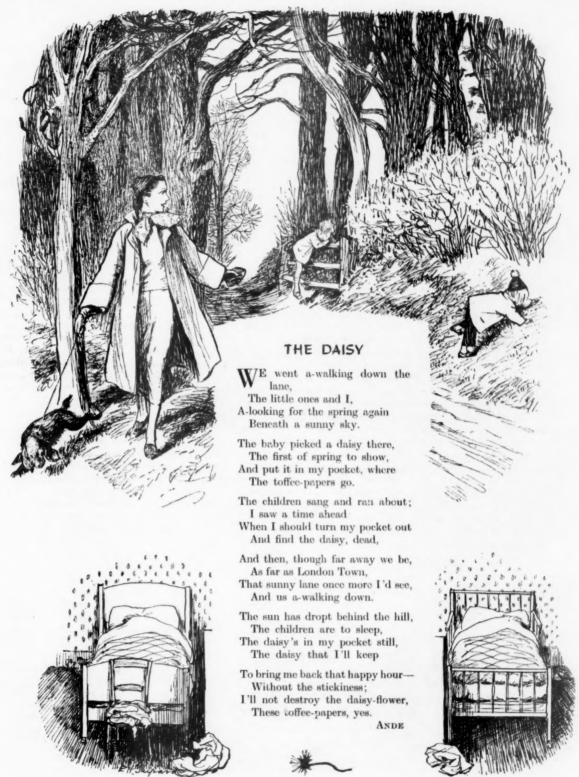
I often think of this when I see the craft embodying these devices flying around overhead. I hear that whistling noise, and look up at the sky, roughly fifteen degrees of an arc ahead of where the noise is coming from. The technique of doing this can be acquired by the non-expert, though only with extreme difficulty and long practice. I then scan the sky till I locate the aircraft itself, in a different part of the sky altogether. I identify its make, if possible, and speculate on the mark and the pilot's name. It is at this point that I suddenly find myself wondering whether the turbine blades are in a state of secondary creep or have entered the tertiary stage. It makes me quite uncomfortable; and though I remind myself that we pioneers did our work well, and that the old days, when a blade used frequently to shave a sixteenth of an inch off itself by growing till it rubbed against the casing, are long departed, I am still creep-conscious to an extent that must be wholly foreign to those who, owing to their greater tact in dealing with the administrative branches, staved in the business longer than I did; as it is also foreign to the general public, who not only regard with unutterable calm the prospect of being hustled about the air by these ingenious engines but actually look forward to it.

I am not, of course, in a position to disclose any details of the performance and characteristics of the materials used, but I am glad to be able to inform the public that the use of lead and its alloys for gas-turbine blades has been entirely discontinued. We never even tried pitch.

On some future occasion I hope to enliven you with a discourse on my other great worry of those high old times, which was Fatigue.

R. P. LISTER





You Want the Best Seats?

THE technique of viewing the Coronation may be usefully amplified for many of us from our own family records. There was the determined maternal aunt who had herself and her garden steps rushed along Carlton House Terrace at the last moment in a van marked "Essential Supplies." At the top of the Duke of York's Steps, she emerged, erected her frail edifice, using her driver, a fifteenstone man, as an anchor, and thus viewed her monarch from a cushion substantial enough to mollify the sharp apex of the steps upon the

A less happy achievement was that of a paternal cousin, Sylvester, who, as a youth, was privileged to be given a good seat on the processional route and who was so overcome by greed and excitement that he swallowed a chicken bone just as the procession was approaching and preceded it upon a stretcher blind to everything but pain. Then there was the ironic fate of that remoter relative, belonging to a wealthier branch, who hired an expensive apartment overlooking the route. He retired to comb his hair in order to look his best when the great moment arrived, only to imprison himself in the retiring room by means of a broken door handle, his cries for help being drowned by the loyal cheering, until the procession was past.

To those of us with a proper

sense of obligation toward the present generation, it seems more in keeping with the demureness of the Welfare State to make some inquiries about less adventurous ways and means—always bearing in mind a possibility of falling back upon what Mr. David Eccles, the Minister of Works, describes as "the traditional standing room of the people."

No doubt it was a mistake to aim too high: but the advertisement of a third floor in Park Lane seemed innocent enough as a starting point, even if it might entail the co-option of a Texan oil magnate as a partner. The apartment, according to the advertiser, had a balcony with an extensive view over the Coronation route as the procession would approach Marble Arch through the Park and sweep round into Oxford Street. It possessed two double bedrooms, a single bedroom, a luxuriously furnished reception room, plate, china and linen. At our disposal would be the services of an automatic lift and of a non-resident housekeeper (Park Lane language for a daily woman?). It was all ours, he went on, for a period of one month for the sum of £2,500which, considering how few Texan oil magnates we could cram in. seemed altogether too steep.

Pursuing a millionaire fancy, we found a proposition costing only a little more—£3,000 for the month—described in an American advertise-

ment in these terms: "A Tudor baronial hall with six double bedrooms, four single bedrooms, five reception rooms, six bathrooms, tennis and squash courts and swimming pool. A chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce and house staff would be at the disposal of anyone who took the house and two seats in St. James's Street for the Coronation procession would be thrown in for good measure."

The bed-sitter combination may well be expected to be exorbitant. But there are some fancy prices quoted for beds alone. According to The Times, a three-bedroom cottage in a mews is going for two hundred guineas, or a five-bedroom house near Brompton road for £500 for Coronation week. The official Coronation Accommodation Committee, which does not deal with excesses, has been offering one or two luxury flats in the Grosvenor Square district for four people with full service at a rental of £250 for a fortnight.

By far the frostiest stare that greeted this investigation came from the publicity people at an hotel, not on the route, which in its less sensitive moments takes some pride in catering for international celebrities. They were unable to quote any price for the Coronation period, or to say whether or not they were booked up. More genially disposed managements could quote as little as 18/9 for a room with breakfast or as much as 47 guineas plus 15 per cent. surcharge for five days in a twin-bedded room with breakfast only. A travel agency, which, by the way, is looking after some fifty Maharajahs with their retinues, declares that it has letters from householders offering rooms from 15/- a day to £100 a week.

If the higher bracket of these prices seems a little high for the Age of the Common Man, let it be recollected that, in 1937, a house in Belgrave Square went for £3,000 for the month of May, while a small flat high up in Piccadilly cost £500 a week. Let it be put on record as a dreadful warning, too, that a few



days before the 1937 Coronation, somebody was advertising a balcony in Oxford Street "offered at 8 guineas, reduced from 25 guineas, including buffet, champagne and radio."

The occasion provides a nice grandiloquence even to the plush affairs of the West End. An Oxford Street store was offered £100,000 for the use of its windows—and declined the paltry deal. A shop in Regent Street, however, with window space for about thirty people, is reported to have accepted without too many blushes £990 from a group of overseas business men.

One of the more elaborate ways for the man-in-the-street to get a seat is to join a fairly good club on the route, keep his fingers crossed and try his luck in the members' Brook's and Boodles, hallot. though exclusive, are relatively modest in their ideas of seats at ten guineas including breakfast and lunch. The Athenaum, bereft for the occasion no doubt of its bishops, is charging twelve guineas. Seats at the R.A.C. at Pall Mall cost fourteen guineas, which, bearing in mind the swimming pool where members can cool their patriotic ardour, looks better value than the Reform, a few doors away, who are matily selling their seats, in pairs only, at forty pounds a time.

By far the biggest man in the business is, of course, Mr. David Eccles himself. His Department, housed in a brave imitation of a Continental Gestapo headquarters overlooking Lambeth Palace, told us they were providing about 100,000 seats. This has naturally loosed upon the Minister a gay gamut of personal applications. There was a rather tricky one from the Rabbit Club in his own constituency, and the reminiscent one from a man in New Zealand who claimed to know the Minister's father before he was born. Eccles valiantly concealed his inner conflict when he said recently: "It is really wonderful, and I like to get these letters, to have this daily evidence of the intense desire of all sorts of people in all corners of the earth to come to London and see the Queen crowned."



"And this is the present Earl."

But you really need to be a Commonwealth visitor, or a child, or a member of a Body, to do much good in the great Eccles hand-out, for one third of the seats will go, quite rightly, to the Commonwealth. some to children, and a large proportion to Bods, described more picturesquely as "national organizations representing the most important aspects of our British life"at £4 or £6 a head. The Body Method is thought to be the fairest way of assuring the presence of sixty to seventy thousand "truly representative men and women."

There remains, for those of us who are commoners, not of royal blood, unconnected with Bodies, unrepresentative, unwilling to pay through the nose, and, above all, gifted with exemplary stamina and patience, the traditional standingroom zealously guarded for us by the Authorities. In our shirt-sleeves or our raincoats, it will be our privilege at least to enjoy the greatest free show on earth.

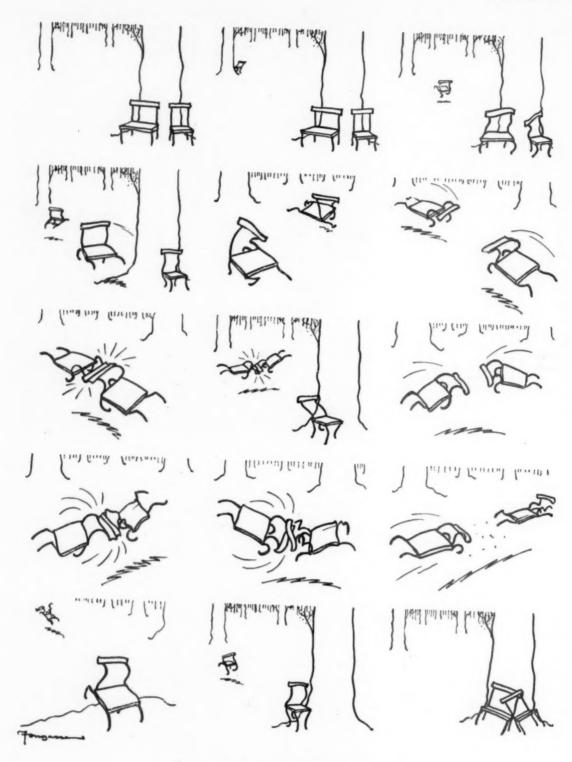
JOHN PUDNEY

E E

"The unit price (0.6d.) is subject to an increase or decrease at the rate of decimal nought nought nought eight of a penny (.0008d.) for each penny (a halfpenny or any greater part of a penny being treated as a penny), by which the average cost of fuel per ton for the three months ended one month before the month in which the meter is read, multiplied by eleven thousand and divided by the average gross thermal value of the fuel during the same period, expressed in British Thermal Units per pound of fuel as fired, either rises above or falls below thirty-eight shillings as the case may be."

Southern Electricity Board notice

Thanks. Could we just have it in Ohms?



Spring in the Public Park, 438



HE edginess of minority groups continues to dog writers. It has long since given rise to the saying that the only really safe character for a playwright or novelist to kick around is the native-born white American

without occupation or religious affiliation but, at a pinch, a Protestant. Everyone else is organized, and if a

character even remotely like one of its members is limned with anything short of deference, any organization with enough substance to sport a letterhead will complain.

AMERICAN

VIEWPOINT

The most recent demonstration of this concerns two current Broadway successes, Vina Delmar's Mid-Summer and Arthur Miller's The Crucible. For portraying an hotel maid as a slattern and a snoop, the Delmar play was duly picketed by the Hotel and Club Employees Union, Local 6, A.F.L. An amiable settlement was achieved when the producers agreed to provide a program note that the maid's behavior bore no resemblance to how the members of Local 6 carry on, and so forth.

No such happy ending resulted from the complaint against *The Crucible*, which was brought, ludicrously enough, by the American Bar Association. The play deals with the Salem witchcraft trials, and the Chairman of the Association's committee on public relations felt that certain of its lines were "disparaging of lawyers or the legal profession." In his letter to the theater the Chairman put this point of view:

"One of our protestants is especially vehement in his complaint and feels that our committee should not only lodge a protest with you but to (sic) ask that these lines which give offence be eliminated or edited. He makes the point—which seems to me a sound one—that there never was a time when respect for law and legal process was more important to our people and to civilization than right now..."

Playwright Miller replied that the rôle played by the judges in the Salem trials was considerably more reprehensible than his play describes. "The growing sensitivity of people to any sort of open and frank discussion of important issues is no service to civilization, let alone law and order," he argued. "I wrote a play about a man who happened to be a salesman, and several organiza-

tions of sales people flew to arms. Now it is the lawyers. If I am to back away from these objections . . . I

shall be forced to write about people with no occupation whatever. But then café society would probably feel put-upon . . ."

The spokesman for the bar was quoted to the effect that his letter had been prompted by "three or four" complaints from lawyers. His final pronouncement to interviewers must have a familiar ring to connoisseurs of the subject. He disavowed any intention to censor or interfere with freedom of expression. "I do feel," he was quoted as saying, "that freedom of expression should not be a license for irresponsible expression..."

IN a land of many rapid changes, baseball has always seemed immutable. But during a week or more in mid-March it appeared that for the first time in fifty years, the location of a major league club—of two, in fact—would be shifted. Boston's National League tam, the Braves, wanted to play ball in Milwaukee, hitherto a minor-league city in the American Association, and the St. Louis Browns, an American League member,

were negotiating for a transfer to Baltimore, up to this time an International League town. (The last such change had occurred in 1903, when the Baltimore "Orioles" became the American League club in New York.) Both teams have been poorly attended in recent years. The total season's attendance of the Braves last year was 281,000about what a popular team could attract in ten games or thereabouts -and the only thing more dismal than a crowd of ten or fifteen hundred, huddled in a stadium accommodating thirty or forty thousand, would be the same scene in the rain. Both Boston and St. Louis are "two-team" cities, represented in both Leagues, and the Braves and the Browns have long been the victims of the greater popularity of their opposite numbers, the Red Sox and the Cardinals. Boston fans would rather follow an out-of-town Red Sox game on the radio than watch the Braves on television or in the flesh; crowds of less than a thousand were no rare thing in home stands of the Browns. Never had plans for a shift seemed to advance so far and so smoothly; civic pride in Milwaukee and Baltimore was swelling to the bursting point at the prospect of shedding the detested minor-league status for a place in the majors. But with the season opening April 13th and complex travel and broadcasting commitments already made, the St. Louis switch was vetoed by American League Club owners at the last moment. But two days later, the National League decided that the Braves had indeed been in Boston long enough, and Baltimore's fondest dreams were realized.

HEN production of radio sets and phonographs in the United States was resumed after the war, there was the same sanguine talk about "pent-up demand" for new radio phonographs that one heard concerning automobiles, housing and everything else.

But the demand for new radio-phonographs failed to materialize. Television was coming in. The day of the



"And at what speed were you flying at exactly 3.47 this afternoon?"

phonograph and the radio concert was done, so the big companies believed as the business waned. They continued to offer their old-style wares—the little set in the Lig cabinet—but their hearts belonged to television. It was a fork in the road for home music, and the big producers chose TV. Even as they did so, an entirely new industry—high fidelity—was suddenly disclosed to have taken the other fork and to be picking up speed at a fantastic rate.

Hundreds of specialists and small suppliers—the young crop of electronics engineers newly trained by the war—were turning out the components of high fidelity sets. There was no one readymade set available from these new sources, so new distributors came into being to hook up A's tuner with B's amplifier, C's speaker, and a record changer from D, E, or F.

By 1950, this highly fragmented new field of small companies was offering the consumer, for about \$140, a hook-up of custom components which would match, or more probably out-perform, readymade sets costing seven to ten times that sum. A combination that the trade regarded as "the best in the world" totalled about \$700.

Public acceptance of "hi-fi" was clamorous. Sales of recordings, which in any case were stimulated by the advent of the long-playing record, began climbing towards preradio figures. Ironically, the average TV set proved to have such poor audio components, in comparison with high fidelity standards, that most of the audience for classical music have come to prefer radio to TV. Architects now include space for concealing hi-fi hook-ups and speakers in new homes. Prices have

come down, and hi-fi to-day is a better bargain than ever.

These developments are not without interest to the British, who are solidly in the American market with what the experts count as two of the best record changers, three of the best speakers, and the best power tube available to-day. It was a British company which sparked "full frequency range recording," the base underlying the whole revival of the records business, and a British engineer is credited with the circuit from which comes the modern amplifier.

Now, with high fidelity going great guns, two of the biggest corporations to have neglected it thus far let it be known that they expect to begin production of a ready-made hi-fi combination at competitive prices. They will find themselves in very fast company.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE PARADISE STREET EXPERIMENT

N a recent letter to *The Times*, the Film Appreciation Officer of the British Film Institute (an officer whose functions would be very hard to explain to one's grandparents) put forward a point of view that deserves to be more widely heard. Starting from the proviso that "sex, violence and sin are perfectly proper subjects for films," he went on to wonder whether "a measure of sex and violence does not act as a safety-valve rather than as a provocation to anti-social behaviour."

This is the theory behind the Paradise Street experiment, as it has come to be called. The social workers responsible for this revolutionary new approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency began by considering the extent to which the behaviour of film characters was reflected in the behaviour of young members of the audience. That sex, violence and sin were to some degree prevalent they did not deny, but other common film activities, such as cantering round the landscape on a horse, pelting one's neighbours with glue, whitewash or "custard-pies," and tap-dancing up and down enormous stage-sets peopled by endless rows of identical young men carrying straw hats and canes, though unquestionably appreciated by the young audiences, seemed to have little or no effect on their subsequent conduct.

They deduced from this that the film is not necessarily a bad influence even when it deals with unsavoury subjects. The young thug going about his misdeeds does not actually get the idea of them from the cinema; all he learns from that is the technique, the etiquette, of their commission, just as a man about to launch an enormous blanc-mange at another would, perhaps unconsciously, adopt the manner of Oliver Hardy.

The next point the Paradise Street workers investigated was the comparative frequency of crime inside the cinema and outside. They came to the remarkable conclusion that the most hardened juvenile delinquent is actually less liable to commit a violent crime when watching a film than he is in the streets away from the cinema. Michael F., a typical case history, had been in front of his local Juvenile Court four times for more or less serious offences; yet apart from a routine slashing of the upholstery of his seat and unscrewing of the brass ash-tray from the back of the seat in front, he had never been known to commit an offence in a cinema, at the very moment when the influence of the film is closest.

From these two conclusions the Paradise Street team derived the basis of the film-therapy on which they are now working. By arrangement with the local Juvenile Court bench, probation officers and police, boys of bad character in the Paradise Street area (which lies in one of the worst districts of South London) are now compelled to spend their entire leisure at the cinema. Under the supervision of a welfare worker they are taken daily as soon as they leave school to the nearest double-feature programme,

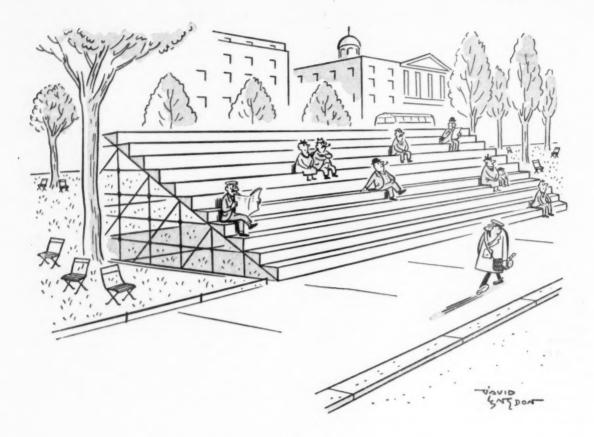
and as soon as they emerge from that they are hustled into an hour-long cartoon show to fill in the time before they go to bed. This process is continued without cessation for as long as the Juvenile Court decides.

It may be thought that after the first forty or fifty shows the boys will become bored and develop an escape-mechanism taking the form of sliding out through the back doors. In practice this does not occur. "There has never yet," says Miss Eugenia Dolt, who is heading the Paradise Street team, "been a case reported by one of our workers where a cosh-boy has walked out of a film because he was bored. Maladjusted children of this type much prefer to stay to the end of the programme making sucking noises with their lips during the 'clinches,' as I believe they are called."

Miss Dolt added that as an additional precaution much thought was given to the selection of programmes for showing to delinquents. In order to ensure maximum interest, films of a highly improving or "goody-goody" tone are avoided. Films about sex, violence and sin—Miss Dolt used the identical phrase employed by the Film Appreciation Officer of the British Film Institute—are preferred, particularly if they contain a large proportion of bloodshed.

The experiment is still in its early stages, and no one can say yet to what degree it has been successful. Certainly juvenile crime in the area has decreased, and,





as Miss Dolt has said, this is to be expected, since the main reason for which juvenile delinquents snatch bags from old women is to get money to go to the cinema. On the other hand, it is possible that when news of the experiment becomes more widely known among the local children there may be an increase in crime for a time as they endeavour to qualify for the compulsory, and free, shows for which they are now compelled to pay one-and-tenpence or even two-and-threepence.

As to the cost of the experiment, it is, says Miss Dolt, virtually negligible. The boys are generally put in the three-and-a-pennies in order to keep them away from the more rowdy elements of the non-criminal boys in the cheap parts of the house. In addition there is two-and-a-penny to pay for the cartoon show, and an extra three-and-a-penny for Saturday afternoon. This means that a week's expenditure on a boy, allowing a reasonable sum for fares, ices, etc., is in the region of three pounds; and as the whole of this is found from the rates, it costs the boy nothing and therefore avoids the risk of setting up dangerous deprivation-complexes in his mind. Certainly, as Miss Dolt was not slow to point out, the cost compares very favourably with the nine or ten pounds a week needed to keep a boy in an old-fashioned approved school or Borstal institution.

B. A. Young

THE POOLS

I SING of the people who say that the Pools Are promoted by villains and followed by fools; Of the people who bask in the roseate light Of a sect not in fashion but morally right.

In virtue they walk and with pity they speak Of the man-hours, the brainwork, the shillings a week; O that Hope and Endeavour (they cry) should be bound By who's kicking a football which end of a ground!

With what active indifference their spirit eschews The Results that come after the six o'clock News And those funny brown envelopes bunged through the door

With the name of the person who lived there before!

Have they thought of the money a winner can win, More than seventy thousand for digging a pin?

Yes, indeed they have thought; and their answer is—what?

That they'd rather not have it, no, honestly not.

But how many such fatuous prigs can there be? Well, I don't know how many, but one of them's me.

KNIGHTS OF THE BAIZE TABLE

LOOKED in a week or so ago at the final of the World Match-L Play Snooker Championship, played at the Leicester Square Hall The finalists were, as usual, Fred Davis and Walter Donaldson, who have both now reached the final for six years running. Snooker finals consist of two six-frame sessions (lasting about 21 hours each), played every day for a week. It was an afternoon session which I attended and the score before play was, Fred Davis (the holder) 16 frames, Walter Donaldson 20 frames. There were still two days to go.

I arrived shortly before 3 o'clock expecting to find some signs of occasion. But the Leicester Square Hall looked desolate; about fifty people occupied about a third of the seats. The Hall is tastefully decorated with pale green walls and pastoral murals. Rows of comfortable maroon armchairs rise in tiers.

Light music was being relayed through a loudspeaker and most of the audience, all men, seemed to have the furtive look of those who know they ought to be doing something else. At 3 o'clock the house lights were put off and the only illumination left was over the glowing green baize. An attendant drew the black curtains to make it still darker and an official introduced the players. As he did so, both appeared, like the figures in Swiss weather houses, on either side of the screen that masked the entrance. Both bowed slightly. Fred Davis was round, dark, smiling and bespectacled, and Walter Donaldson tall, gaunt, baldish and naturally melancholy in feature. Both wore dark blue waistcoats and trousers. exquisitely pressed, white shirts and black-and-white spotted ties.

The start was slow, for each player seemed more concerned in these opening exchanges not to leave the reds too pretty for his opponent. It was quite a while before there was any scoring. The audience shifted about mutely, coughing between shots. Then Donaldson thumped a red down from the whole length of the table

and went on to make 30. Fred Davis scored only in ones during several visits to the table.

Donaldson went to 47 with a group of splendid shots that rattled the balls down precisely but with no sense of any force being used. Now Davis got in, looked for the first time with some satisfaction at the table and made a couple of breaks of about 15 each. Neither player had yet made what could be called a mistake, though there was nothing spectacular about any of their shots. When the ball hung on the lip of a pocket there would be a hoarse exclamation from the darkness, a noise of religious protest rather as though the candles in church had refused to light.

Davis eventually won the first frame 61—47, but then Donaldson again went to 40 in three or four visits to the table before Davis had scored. They had warmed up a bit now, they even smiled to one another and the balls were going down with greater frequency. Davis made a break of 36 and then Donaldson polished the frame off with a 20.

Fred Davis seemed not to be interested in any disposition that left him without a good chance of scoring at least twenty, so that while Donaldson progressed steadily Davis stood smiling in the shadows like an acolyte, cue in hand, and then overtook his opponent in a single break. In the third frame Davis, with his score 11 and Donaldson at 2, cleared the table with a break of 102. There was, for the only time, a sharp round of applause.

For long periods there was no sound at all except for the skeletal kiss of the balls, the ritual cry, in the tones of a muezzin, of the marker. Davis especially was playing beautifully. Sometimes he would look along his cue with the serious air of a dentist about to make a difficult extraction; more often he appraised the table with the 'cofty rapid glance of the company commander who knows his weapons are equal to his task.

One realized that one had come to expect the repeated conquest of the impossible—an expectation

rarely disappointed. For when either player was not sinking his pots with unruffled ease, he was leaving the table as bare as he could. Davis took the next frame to give him a lead of 3—1, but then, apparently satisfied, let Donaldson take the next two.

The perfection and the stuffiness had by then almost drugged one, and emerging into the open air again was like climbing out of a submarine. Fred Davis, I thought, as I went away, looked always to have just that little bit in hand. And sure enough, two days later, he retained his title by 37 frames to 34.

ALAN Ross





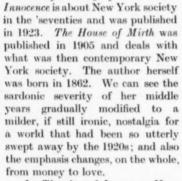
BOOKING OFFICE

Gibson Girl Days

The Age of Innocence and The House of Mirth. Edith Wharton. With an introductory note by Francis Wyndham. John Lehmann, 12/6 each

HE reappearance of Edith Wharton's novels in this country is very welcome.

She is one of the best American writers and, although she never attains the heights of the great novelists, she is first-rate within the limits she sets herself. Re-reading these two books is particularly interesting because of the several social points of view that are set out in them, both voluntarily and involuntarily. The Age of



In The Age of Innocence Newland Archer is engaged to May Welland. Both belong to the small, rich, intensely clannish circle who represent a society in which the women keep their Paris dresses for a couple of seasons before wearing them, in case they might be thought "fast." May's family are somewhat embarrassed at the moment the story opens by the reappearance in New York of a cousin, Ellen Olenska, who, not without a suspicion of scandal, is living apart from her European husband. Archer,

as a potential relation, is deputed by the firm of lawyers to which he belongs to persuade her to resume her married life. Naturally, he falls in love with her. However, everyone behaves with the utmost circumspection; Archer's and May's marriage is preserved: Ellen returns to Paris (though not her husband) with a small though adequate

> allowance: and thirty years later Archer, a widower, sends his son to see Ellen, rather than revive sad memories in himself.

The manners of the period are admirably presented, but the truth is that Countess Olenska is rather a tedious lady. She has something of the prototype of all persecuted wives of that sort,

Irene Forsyte. Why had she ever married Count Olenska? No doubt it had seemed a good idea at the time, but we are never told what his attractions were. Without a hint of these it is hard to judge between them. He never wrote any letters to her, except one very rude one. But perhaps she had made him suffer, too. If so, he is never given the credit for it. All the views about sex fashionable in the 'twenties are implicit in the situation: even understanding little May-half-angel, half-fiend-is a conception of the later period.

In contrast to all this *The Honse* of *Mirth*, perhaps the better book of the two, develops a situation from which sentimentality, at least in its cruder forms, has been rigorously excluded. Lily Bart, 29, a beautiful orphan living with an aunt, is in permanent difficulty about paying her dressmaker's bills and bridge debts. She has left the question of marriage rather late, and there seems no way out but to marry some very rich man whom nobody

else wants. Unfortunately, such husbands were not too easy to find even in New York in 1905. The only man Lily has rather a fancy for is Lawrence Selden, an intelligent, cultivated, easy-going lawyer, who bears some resemblance to Newland Archer in *The Age of Innocence*. Unfortunately, he does not possess Newland Archer's money. In fact, he cannot really afford to marry in his own set.

Lily's mixture of bad luck, lack of will-power, and inability to look ahead or modify her expensive existence, brings her to total disaster. The narrative is presented, consciously, as Greek tragedy. We know that there is no way out. If the book had been written twenty years later there can be no doubt that she would have given herself to Selden: or at least the question would have arisen for serious consideration. As it is-and in some ways more convincingly-they possess merely this vague attraction for one another, which is the basic reason for Lilv's matrimonial plans going wrong, but never obtrudes in any physical sense.

Edith Wharton has all the strength and weakness of the accomplished American writer. The smoothness and dramatic insistence of her stories carry the reader effortlessly from page to page; but afterwards a slight feeling remains that the events are a little too contrived to be entirely satisfactory. The emotions have been on the whole simplified to those of a film. An excellent film, but still a film. As Mr. Francis Wyndham points out, The Age of Innocence is really an historical novel, and in an historical novel a certain stylization is hard to avoid. We can look Corward to The Custom of the Country, which will appear in this series in due course, taking the picture of changing American Society a generation further on.

ANTHONY POWELL

"The Duchess was Kind and Cordial"

In My Solitary Life. Augustus Hare. Edited by Malcolm Barnes. Allen & Unwin, 25/-

In The Years With Mother, a masterly piece of editing, Mr. Malcolm Barnes recently gave us the cream of the first half of Augustus Hare's enormous biography, The Story of My Life. This instalment ended with the death in 1870 of Hare's adoptive mother, a neurotic whom he held in morbid adoration. With equal skill Mr. Barnes now gives us his abridgment of the second half of a book rich in pleasure for those interested in the Victorian social pattern. In My Solitary Life takes us to Hare's death in 1903, when his reminiscences had covered the whole of the Queen's reign. He was thirty-six when this volume opens, a born old maid convinced that he would die young; related to half the peerage and fascinated by everything to do with it; and already becoming known for his foreign guide-books and his biographical sketches.

Alone in the world, and very conscious of it, he divided his time between quiet spells at his house in Sussex (where he kept a cottage in which a succession of tired old ladies was put out to grass), frequent tours abroad and ecstatic visits to great country houses, whose owners and their families still possessed the means and inclination to be as eccentric as anything in fiction. Peacock would have relished the gesture of Lord Huntingtower, who put a black band round the left leg of every animal on his estate when his wife came back after a separation, and Firbank might have created Lady Colin Campbell, who wore a live snake as a necklace in the evening to keep her neck cool.

Perhaps Wilde knew about Lady Harriet Wentworth taking all her meals in the conservatory because, she declared, she so hated the thralldom of civilization. Hare's avid notebook was always open to this sort of entry, and to such sayings as that of the Queen of the Belgians: "How dreadful to find one was being murdered by one's husband: one could not even cry out." His gifts as a raconteur made him a popular guest, and wherever he went he added to his collection of ghost stories at first hand.

The Hamonds of Westaere, into whose courtyard a horse and rider used to clatter as harbingers of doom, appeared fairly normal in his circle, and there were few houses on his list where someone had not been walled up with distressing consequences. He himself had a strong belief in premonition. Although his macabre tales are usually solemnly attested.

and some of them are very good, in such quantity they cease to surprise.

Hare's snobbery, which caused him to glow even during the Marquess of Bute's interminable harangues on liturgical differences, was fanned by his warm reception at court in Germany and Sweden, and by his appointment for nine months as tutor to the Swedish Prince Royal in Italy. But it was only the middle classes at which he jibbed, for he was genuinely devoted to his servants, and they to him. And he could be modest about his work, behaving admirably in the face of savage reviews and the unmelting disapproval of his immediate family.

At the same time it must be admitted that he is here neither so attractive a character as in the earlier volume, nor quite so acute an observer; friendship with social and literary lions has made him a little blasé, and towards the end of the journal it is clear that he is tiring of an endless round of parties. Conversation, he believed, was dying, and one wonders what he would have thought about TV. The feeling that the civilized world was falling to pieces comes out strongly, especially in his disgust at the modernization of

If this book is less dramatic, more openly gossipy, than the first it is still immensely entertaining, and the two together form an invaluable slice of social history. Many of Hare's melancholy but charming drawings are again included. Mr. Barnes' unobtrusive notes tactfully bolster our ignorance, and we must be doubly grateful to him for his merciful weeding-out of much pious verbiage.

For in all its aspects Death was a great comfort to Hare.

ERIC KEOWN

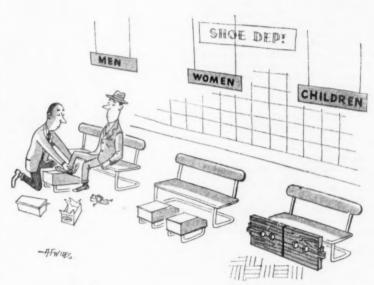
Salisbury. A. L. Kennedy. John Murray, 25/-

Mr. Kennedy's single volume gives an excellent picture of Salisbury the man, though there is no room for a detailed history of his foreign policy. What an excellent man he was! His piety and morality might be paralleled among other Victorian statesmen, but his reluctance to govern made him a real philosopher-King. In 1885 he had his first chance to rule the country; but no party had a clear majority in the Commons, so he begged Gladstone to form an administration; in 1886 he offered to serve under Hartington.

In private life he was equally unassuming; he refused to penalize the moral failings of his tenants at Hatfield, holding that while they paid their rent their sins were no business of their landlord. He saw how the world was going, and regretted it; in 1860 he wrote that soon "the rich will pay all the taxes and the poor will make all the laws." Mr. Kennedy has written an excellent sketch of a nagnanimous man.

They Serve the Queen. Randolph Churchill. Hutchinson, 12/6

To the average man in the street, no doubt, the officers of the Royal Household are persons in gorgeous and in some cases quaint and archaic uniforms who make public appearances at Coronations, royal weddings and other important State occasions, and are then laid aside in some special limbo of their own until they



are wanted again. Mr. Randolph Churchill's pleasantly presented and well-informed brochure should go far to dispel the misconception.

He shows Court dignitaries in general, and the present holders of such positions in particular, as capable and conscientious public servants doing a full-time job with an efficiency which would do credit to a highly-placed business executive. Among the numerous items of information which enliven Mr. Churchill's pages may be mentioned the fact that the modest emoluments of the magnificently styled and resplendently arrayed members of the College of Heralds are derived not from the ordinary taxpayer but from fees paid by people who, in these democratic days, still wish to establish their right to armorial bearings.

Picture. Lillian Ross. Gollancz, 16/-

Picture is about the film The Red Badge of Courage, made by John Huston and Gottfried Reinhardt against the better commercial knowledge of Louis B. Mayer. A disastrous failure at two test previews, the picture was then radically altered by studio heads and cutters in a desperate (but not successful) effort to make it publicly acceptable; Huston has never seen the final product, which has been highly praised by film critics.

Miss Ross tells the whole sad story in the highly personal style characteristic of the New Yorker She shows us the studio profiles. heads from big boss Nick Schenck downwards through the film's supporters and enemies. She shows the other side, Huston dramatizing himself at every turn, Reinhardt torn between desire to make an artistic success and fear of a commercial flop. Picture is a brilliant piece of candid camera journalism, but Miss Ross's deadpan method hardly ever suggests the qualities in producers or product that made The Red Badge of Courage a serious work of art.

Crockford's. A. L. Humphreys. Hutchinson, 15/-

Between 1828 and 1845, the most wealthy and distinguished gentlemen of the country frequented Crockford's in St. James's Street, where they gambled away their wealth to the former fishmonger who was the founder of the club, and submerged their distinction beneath the flashy vulgarity which, at this distance, seems at that period to have infected even men whom one knows to have been honest, talented or brave.

If it is hard nowadays to find much to admire in such a society, where a gentleman might jog along on thirty thousand a year but was just as likely to lose it all at hazard

or on horses, at least there was colour and gaiety in their lives. Mr. Humphreys has gone at his task with seissors, paste and a list of fifty-five authorities, producing a notably cursory and repetitive volume; even so, something of the dashing spirit of the times may be distilled from his scrap-book. A frontispiece shows William Crockford looking oddly like Mr. James Mason.

B. A. Y.

AT THE PLAY

King Richard III (MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON) The Herald Angels (EMBASSY)

WHEN Mr. MARIUS GORING was disclosed, the winter of his discontent fading in a bright agenda of villainy and his sword carried informally across his shoulder like the spade of a home-coming hedger-and-ditcher, he scarcely appeared the cacodæmon which Queen Margaret was later, among other things, to call him. Experts in Black Mass observation would find very little significant in his kindly eyes, his rather snub nose, and his habit, while no actual butchery is afoot, of relapsing into the

this is an uninteresting Gloucester. For the whole of the first act I thought it might well prove a good Always a clever and subtle actor, Mr. GORING was holding himself in check. I felt, was breaking us in gradually for the eager diabolism that was to come. The fact that it never came with anything like overwhelming force is no criticism of his quality, but simply of an inaccurate piece of casting. He could play a quiet schizophrenic villain to perfection, but the makings of one of such howitzer calibre are not in him. He gives us a highly intelligent Gloucester, who speaks the poetry beautifully, only the surging joy in evil is missing.

Not so with Buckingham. In a play where the corners of nearly every mouth turn down, those of Mr. Harry Andrews twist with still more sinister determination. He not only looks evil, but he radiates it in waves which seem to permeate the stage. His smile freezes, and though his mocking infamies ring through the theatre, he has only to stand and look at us to convey that in this Buckingham darkness unrelieved is all. Mr. Andrews' performances at Stratford have often suggested a



Buckingham—Mr. Harry Andrews
Richard—Mr. Marius Goring

stance of a slightly acid old aunt, the sort that can unexpectedly come up trumps in her will. Throughout the play his resemblance to the Red Queen continues to prick, and "Off with his head!" completes the

That is not to say, however, that

superior talent, but never more strongly than in the magnificent irony with which he persuades the Lord Mayor of Gloucester's limpid piety.

For its misfire at the centre Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW's production makes up a great deal by its clarity, its vigour of movement and its sound level of acting. I could make a long list of those who, without being startling, bring something positive to the play; it would be headed by Mr. MICHAEL WARRE'S Clarence, Miss Joan Sanderson's blackly maledictory Margaret, Mr. Tony BRITTON's Hastings, Miss YVONNE MITCHELL'S delicate Lady Anne, and certainly by Mr. Basil Hoskins' Richmond. Motley's settings and dresses have the virtue of restraint and the advantage of common sense. No discourtesy is intended to Mr. LESLIE BRIDGWATER when I say that the ghost scene is lifted several ectoplasmic notches by music borrowing freely from the sounds which issue from the radio when the shadow of the Iron Curtain falls across a programme. And it was pegged there by my favourite bird, the Stratford owl, hooting encouragement to the procession like a disembodied tugboat.

One clove of garlic contains more of Italy than the whole of *The Herald Angels*, by Mr. J. M. Stuart, which is so mild that it can hardly be said to come to life at all. A village is torn by its Mayor's conviction that he is on the way to being a saint, but this tear is never on the Latin scale. A graph of the dialogue would look more like Lincolnshire than like the Apennines. The peasants do not even finish their wine, of which, in a production which actually falls back on scratching as a comic artifice, they stand in heavy need.

Recommended

Sherriff's The White Carnation (Globe) makes rather humdrum use of a good idea, but is theatrically neat and Ralph Richardson shines. Those who have missed Waters of the Moon (Haymarket) are left just over three weeks in which to remedy this error.

Exerc Krows

AT THE PICTURES

Les Belles de Nuit-The Cruel Sea

NLY the literal-minded, I think, will fail to delight in Les Belles de Nuit (Director: RENÉ CLAIR) we'll forget the English title, which M. CLAIR has not surprisingly said he disapproves of. The literal-minded, of whom there are, I agree, far too many (and most films are very careful indeed not to upset them), will be irritated by its fantasy; even though it is made clear that most of the piece consists of dreams, they will resent having to pay attention to so much they regard as "far-fetched." The fact that it's nonsense will be enough to put them off; that it's brilliantly amusing nonsense will seem to them irrelevant. But for the rest of us the whole thing is funny and charming,

superlative entertainment in an individual style.

Never before had I realized so strongly that basic valuable quality about a Clair film—that one positively dares not look away from the screen or withdraw one's attention from it is excellent as that favourite Clair hero, the innocent to whom things happen, the girls beautifully perform their decorative function, the piece teems with entertaining "bits" by the usual Clair people (RAYMOND CORDY has quite a big part) and others. I



[The Cruel Sea

Ericson of the Compass Rose, adrift - Jack Hawkins

for a moment. Every second is somehow loaded, in sound, vision or idea: even if there is no more than a flash of scene-setting before a main character appears, in that flash a fat man will walk past with an umbrella or something else will happen that has been made in itself amusing.

This continual, never-failing stimulus is a priceless asset in any kind of entertainment, but in a film, and particularly in a Clair film, the point or spark or whatever it may be called is likely to be visual. There are several examples here of the sort of thing one first noticed in Sous less to the continuation of the cont

But this is a story about a young musician, and sound—not merely music, but sound of all possible kinds—is used with equal felicity at every turn. The road-drill, the roar of engines, the whine of the vacuum-cleaner, the motor-horn—the point of the story is that he escapes from them whenever he can into a series of dreams of the past. In each of them is a "belle" with whom he has a number of odd adventures; finally he is reconciled to the twentieth century and a girl who goes with it.

The substance of the picture is a fascinating and most ingenious mosaic of dream and actuality and it is impossible to record a fraction of all the delights in it. Gérard Philipe

haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time.

To be candid, The Cruel Sea (Director: CHARLES FREND), though it's very well and impressively done on an unusually big scale, is in all essentials the typical naval-war story that we have been used to since 1940 or so. Again the narrative consists of a number of really self-contained incidents strung together; there is no important reason why they should be in that particular order. They don't develop in sequence, they are simply accepted as a story because that is the way such incidents followed each other in fact. Similarly the dialogue is the ordinary speech that would be natural in such circumstances; when there is a laugh, it is at some quite feeble remark that amuses for the same reason as in life, merely because it relieves tension. In a sense, then, the picture is a sort of heightened, large-scale documentary, with representative, unexplored characters. They are all well played, what there is of them, from the captain (JACK HAWKINS) downwards: and as a technical job the picture is most striking. But it gives one no idea why innumerable thousands of readers should have chosen NICHOLAS MON-SARRAT's novel rather than any other sea story.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Most stimulating oddity of the
week in London is GIAN-CARLO

MENOTTI'S The Medium, full of magnificent singing and acting and (for all that it is a straight version of the opera) of purely cinematic virtues as well. Le Plaisir (18/2/53) and Les Sept Péchés Capitaux (24/12/52) continue. At the National Film Theatre is another old and funny Buster Keaton, The Navigator.

Top release, though it's in a key I begin to weary of: The Titfield Thunderbolt (18/3/53). April in Paris (11/3/53) is quite a bright Technicolor RICHARD MALLETT musical.

ON THE AIR

The Flapper Vote Again

If we are not hopelessly apathetic in political matters, then the B.B.C. has achieved a minor marvel with its "In the News" television tight-rope act. There are no two ways about it. This programme has been running steadily now for years, week by week almost, and the major political parties still have nothing to grouse about.

The Right, quite clearly, feels that its interests are well guarded by such nimble debaters as Messrs. Boothby, Brown and McAdden, and the Left, quite obviously, feels that Messrs. Callaghan, Greenwood, Mc-Neil and company are a match at all times for the opposition. The Liberals, too, may feel that they hold their own when Messrs. Byers and Dingle Foot are members of the panel, or when Alan Taylor (temporarily in exile) and Bob Boothby are straying from the official party line.

All things considered, it is a most creditable feat to balance Right and Left so fairly, and all concerned with the programme, and particularly Mr. Lustgarten, the "arranger," deserve praise.

Most of the speakers who frequent this programme are clever and resourceful wranglers-and . good They know that most entertainers. people prefer their politics heated and polemical rather than dispassionate and dialectical, so in spite of their common ground they appear pugnacious, vituperative, even rude. And although at times we are reminded of the school debating society
"Bosh!" "Fiddlesticks!" "I say, you chaps, come off it!") it is all pretty good fun. The amiable Boothby roars as gently as any nightingale and the captious Foot (Michael) barks like a terrier worrying its own reflection in a pond.

I used to think that the programme erred in confining the antics of the team to two topics a week. Very often the subject under discussion is exhausted after the first round of comment, and very often the subsequent ten or fifteen minutes are taken up by speakers trying to find new ways of saying what they said at the beginning, or trying to work up old grievances that have nothing whatever to do with the topic. But all this must be known to the 'arranger" and to the chairmen, and I assume therefore that they do not consider this repetition undesirable. They are probably quite right: most of us are unpolitical blockheads. We need telling half a dozen times.

The weakness of "In the News" one common to all serial programmes on television-the fact that it creates stars of unwarranted magnitude. To the viewing public there is only one cook, one Zoo-man, one professor of knitting, one gardener, one handyman, there are only one or two scientists and only a dozen or so politicians.

Does that matter? I think it does. There is danger that political reputations will be made before the cameras instead of in the House of Commons. A government elected by a free vote among televiewers would. I feel sure, consist almost entirely of the stars of



"In the News"; and although governments are not yet elected by such means, we cannot ignore the implications of such screen-struck heroworship.

One appearance in this programme must be worth-in publicity value-at least a dozen feature articles in the Sunday newspapers, at least a dozen "appearances" sound radio or a thousand speeches from public platforms, and ambitious politicians are fully aware of this. At the last election Mr. Eden just pipped Sir Hartley Shawcross and Mr. Christopher Mayhew for the TV stakes (with Lord Samuel a poor fourth). Who will be the official party matinée idols next time when the struggle before the cameras will be longer and more hotly contested? A year or two from now we should at last learn what the "flapper vote" really means.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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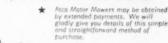
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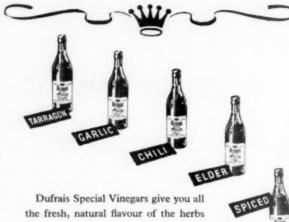
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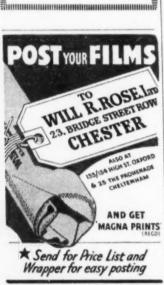
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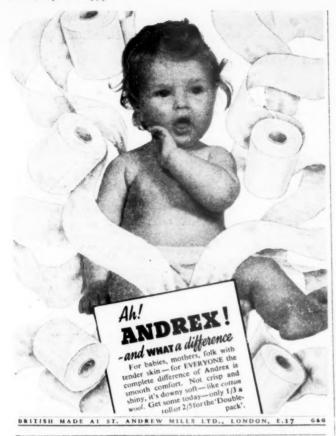
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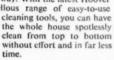
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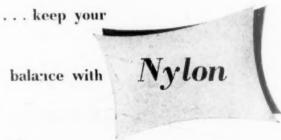
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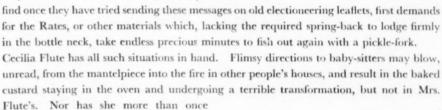
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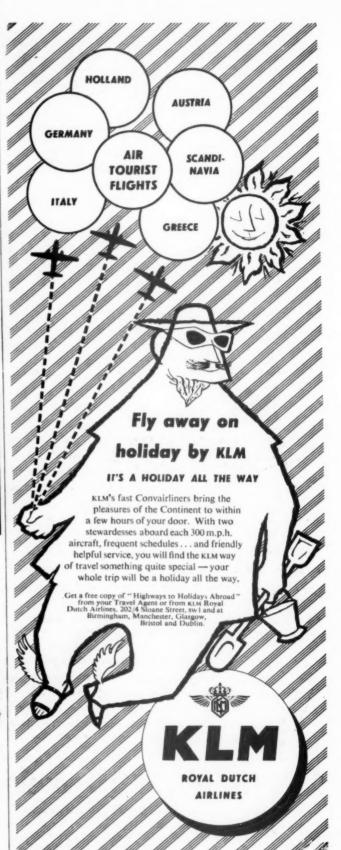
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